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MELODRAME MAD!

OR THE

Siege of Troy.

A NEW

Comic, Pathetic, Historic, Anachronasmatic, Ethic, Epic

MELANGE,

"full of doleful mirth and right merrie conceit."

The Situations and Sentiments from Mr. HOMER, a blind old Ballad-singer—one SHAKSPEARE, a Warwickshire Deer-stealer—the Language of the Gods from A POPE—and many of the Songs are GAY. The ancient Music from some of the greatest Lyres of the earliest ages—the modern Compositions by Arne, Arnold, Attwood, Bishop, Dibdin, Reeve, Shield, Sanderson, &c.—the new Music by Mr. Erskine. The Scenery taken from several Spots of Greece (and Troy); the Artists being prevented, by our present Neutrality, from attending the Siege, have left the task of Invention and Execution to the talents of Mr. Wilson, assisted by his Pupils H. Wilson, C. R. Dibdin, &c. The Dresses, *a la Grec*, from the classic Scissars and Needles of Mr. Brett and Miss Freelove. The Machinery by Ben Johnson the Carpenter. The Decorations by Artists described hereafter. The Dances by Mr. Giroux—The Heroic Action and Processions under the direction of Mr. Ridgway.

FIRST PERFORMED

AT THE SURREY THEATRE,

MONDAY, JUNE 21, 1819.

BY THOMAS DIBDIN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MILLER, BURLINGTON ARCADE, PICCADILLY;

1819.

Characters.

MODERN MORTALS.

Major Dennis Murphy, *an Hibernian Author*, Mr. ADCOCK;
Mr. Mac Classic, *a Caledonian Critic*, Mr. FAWCETT;
Squire Caradoc Ap Truncheon, *a Cambrian Manager*, Mr. WATKINS;
Whipstitch, *a Yorkshire Wardrobe-keeper*, Mr. Frith;
Mr. Glib, *an English Box-Book and Housekeeper*, Mr. FITZWILLIAM;
Mrs. Quotem, *Housekeeper of the Theatre*, Mrs. BROOKS;
Mrs. Pinbody, *Assistant in the Ladies' Wardrobe*, Miss BENCE.

CELESTIALS.

Jupiter, Mr. CLIFFORD; Mercury, Mr. LEONARD; Momus, Mr. LEE;
Vulcan, Mr. GIBBON; Bacchus, Mr. JONAS; Mars, Mr. BRUNTON;
Juno, Mrs. GOMERSAL; Minerva, Mrs. BARTLETT; Venus, Miss E. PITT;
Thetis, Miss S. PITT; Iris, Miss BOLOGNA; Ceres, Miss TAYLER.
Demi-Gods, Godlikins, &c. by an invisible Chorus.

ANCIENT MORTALS—GREEKS.

Agamemnon, by Major Dennis MURPHY;
Achilles, by Squire Caradoc AP TRUNCHEON;
Ulysses, by Mr. MAC CLASSIC: Nestor, by Mr. GIBBON;
Menelaus, Mr. GOMERY; Thersites, Mr. GLIB;
Patroclus, Mr. BARTLETT; Ajax, Mr. WALKER; Sinon, Mr. MORLEY.
Helen, *Wife of Menelaus*, Miss COPELAND; Nurse, Mrs. SMITH;
Greek Virgins. Mrs. Meyer, Miss Freelove, &c. &c.
Minor Kings, Chiefs, Soldiers, &c.—Chorus of Myrmidons, &c.—Messrs. Burden, Caulfield, Cooke, Dibble, Evans, Solis, Saunders, Warner, Hart, Odwell, and other addititional Choristers, from the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane.

TROJANS.

Priam, Mr. GILBERT; Hector, Mr. HUNTLEY; Paris, Mr. WYATT;
Æneas, Mr. GIROUX; Laocoon, Mr. RIDGWAY;
Anchises, Mr. JAMESON; Troilus, Mr. SIMPSON;
Lavenderonimons & Vickeryminos, *Trusty Trojans*, Mr. LEE, Mr. FRITH;
Astyanax, *Son of Hector*, Miss R. ADCOCK;
Ascanius, *Son of Æneas*, Miss FAWCETT;
Laocoontides & Serpentinominons, *Sons of Laocoon*, Masters G. & R. RIDGWAY;
Officers of Trojan Cavalry—Messrs. White, Cross, Pitt, Drewell, Seymour, &c.
Hecuba, *Queen of Troy*, Mrs. GOMERSAL;
Cassandra, *Daughter of Priam (a melodramatically mad Prophetess)*, Mrs. BROOKS; Andromache, *Wife of Hector*, Mrs. BRYANT;
Creusa, *Wife of Æneas*, Miss PITT.
Trojan Firemen—Messrs. Bucket, Hose, Badge, Pipes, Pump, Engine, &c.

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VELOCIPEDES.

Messrs. Smith, Wheelwright, Carpenter, Axle, Nave, Felly, Spokes, &c.

NEITHER GREEKS NOR TROJANS.

Chryseis, *Prisoner to Agamemnon*, Miss BENCE.
Bryseis, *Prisoner to Achilles*, Miss JONAS.

ALLEGORICALS.

Genii of the Fire-Offices—Phœnicia, Solina, Aquila, Britannia, Imperatricia, Sociabilia, Norwichina, Esperanza, Firmosa, Maternia, Caryatidina—by Misses Deal, Canvas, Pasteboard, Vermillion, Lake, &c.

PROPERTIES.

Two GREAT SNAKES, by Mr. Morris and Mrs. Freelove—A BIG HORSE, by Mr. Brush—An EAGLE, PELICAN, and PHŒNIX, by Mr. Featherman—BATTERING RAMS, &c. by Mr. Slingsby—A SUN, by Mr. Solis—The GRAND CONFLAGRATION, by Mr. Burney.

DRAMATIC UNITY.

Of PLACE—— London, Olympus, the Greek Camp and Troy.
TIME——Ten Years——to conclude by half-past Eight o'Clock.

NEW SCENERY. &c.

Act I.—PARLOUR IN LONDON,

(Almost as good as new—a Window repaired and the Floor well scoured.)

New mode of casting a Melodrame.

OLYMPUS, *(rather cloudy but clearing off)*—
Cælestial Conviviality and Party Politics as described in the Iliad.

GREEK FLEET AND CAMP,

With the OLD WALLS of TROY *(Bran new.)*

GRECIAN MILITARY PROCESSION and Entré of TROJAN CAVALRY.
Ceremony of an ancient Challenge.
Grand Choral Parody on "*The Chough and the Crow*," composed by BISHOP.

Act II.—TENT OF ACHILLES,

(From the Bombardment of Algiers) converted from Mahomet to Paganism.
"The Soldier tir'd," after a new Fashion, by Four Ladies, Mr. FITZWILLIAM, and a Band of Musical Myrmidons.

HELENS'S BOUDOIR, (positively its First Appearance.)

VIEW NEAR THE CITY;
BATTLE *(not quite but very nearly) according to Homeric description.*

The Great Horse.

SUPERB INTERIOR OF TROY.

Flaming Conflagration, and Ruins of the City:

With a salutary and moral dramatic Warning to all Owners of Cities, Mansions, &c. to insure their Property in the

BRILLIANT TEMPLE OF SECURITY.

MELODRAME MAD;

OR THE

Siege of Troy.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Chamber in a Theatre.

Enter Mrs. Quotem, Whipstitch, *and* Mrs. Pinbody.

Mrs. Quo. Ladies, you speak truth; the work of a theatre, as Ben Jonson says, is never done — and since I have been housekeeper here, no one ever saw any thing like it—one new piece after another may be easy work enough for the poor devil of a poet, who has nothing to do but to write—but the trouble it gives *us*, as *Messenger* says, is a bore.

Mrs. Pinb. I don't see how it can make much difference to you, Mrs. Quotem, but we poor dressers find a sad plague of it.

Whip. Aye, and so do we tailyers, Mistress Pinbody—that Shakespeare was a muckey chap, I mean, he as wrote Pizarro, and Don Jovanni; he gives us more trouble than all the rest.

Mrs. Quo. You're an ignoramus, as Cervantes has it—Pizarro was written by O'Keeffe.

Mrs. Pinb. Well, and who has written the Squeege of Troy, as we're to have a drest rehearsal of?

Whip. Aye, who indeed? The Trojan dresses are all Greek to me.

Mrs. Quo. The Greek princesses wore little or nothing, so our ladies may go on in their own clothes. —Well, well; these civil broils keep us on a gridiron, as Hotway says, and hardly leaves us time to eat a mutton chop.

Whip. And I'se sure I can't take a drop of comfort, but what it's interrupted by a Mellow Dram.

Mrs. Quo. Aye, aye, the folks are all Melodrame mad, I think.

Mrs. Pinb. Here comes Mr. Glib, the Box-office gentleman.

Mrs. Quo. He looks as if he had no room, by his being so cross; when business is bad, he's as civil as a hackney coachman on a moonlight night.

Mrs. Pinb. And he's a great Cricket into the bargain.

Whip. Aye, that is he—he says the author o' th' last new Pantomime, is better than big Ben Johnson, by a back row in every box i' th' house.

Enter Glib, *with a Box Plan.*

Glib. Who talks of Johnson with a voice so sweet? —Harlequin Ticklepitcher, or Little Jack Horner shall beat him, I bet the whole half price to a half-penny.

Mrs. Quo. Has the new piece merit, as Hudibras has it?

Whip. Be it for fancy dresses, or modern Dandy?

Mrs. Pinb. Plain skirts or flounces?

Glib. Hey day! be your intents wicked or charitable, you come in such a questionable shape that I will answer you—look—lo—behold!—*(Opens his box Plan.)*—My box book here will shew the merits of the piece;—it's lower circle is cramm'd with character, its middle *tier* uncommonly interesting, and every upper row full of tip top company.

Mrs. Quo. And it ends in the Lodowhiskey style, with a flaming catastrophe, as Burney says.

Glib. Here comes our manager with a flaming catastrophe; when his Welch blood's up, he's as hot as a centre box on a benefit night—out of the way, don't

be seen idling here---clear the house—always happy to accommodate, but have no room at present---not a place vacant—dear me, sir, what's the matter? You look as fiery as the fittings up of a Royal box.

Ap T. The life of a manager, look you, is full of anxieties and fears, and fidgets and perplexities; we are going to rehearse as pretty a piece of patchwork as you shall desire to see, and three or four of my first gentlemen, and two of my first ladies have sent excuses, and the author, Mr. Dennis Murphy, and his friend Mr. Mac Classic, the critic, are coming to see it rehearsed; so go and make hastes and hurries, and bid them be ready---Mrs. Pinbody, you must go on the stage and assert, look you——

Mrs. Pinb. Dear sir, I'll even condescend to be a goddess, for the good of the house. [*Exit.*

Ap T. Mr. Whipstitch, you must dress yourself and help.

Whip. Nay, if I must disgrace my family by ganging on to th' stage, I mun ha somebody else to dress me, I'll awarn you. [*Exit.*

Ap T. Mrs. Quotem, you must do your part, and play the mad Cassandra, and hang yourself.

Mrs. Quo. I'll be Ophelia, Meg Merrilies, Mad Bess, and Crazy Jane, in one—multum in parvo, as Bickerstaff says. [*Exit.*

Ap T. And we shall want you, Mr. Glib.

Glib. Always happy to accommodate the public—I fly, sir: Oh, here's the author.

Enter Dennis.

Dennis. Mr. Glib, wou'd you be after putting down a box for my wife for the first night of Tom Hickathrift? (*Goes up to Ap T.*)

Glib. Full to the lobbies, sir. (*Enter* Mac Classic) Always happy to——ah, Mr. Mac Classic---

M'Classic. Mester Glib, din just wanting a wee bet boxy for that play o' our immortal bard's, which—

Glib. Sir, you may have every box in the house—if any thing better occurs, my man shall bring you word. Always happy to accommodate the public. [*Exit.*

Ap T. It is creat honours and condescensions, look you, Major Dinnis Murphy, that a gentleman of your country and warlike profession should write for my house.

Den. No condescension, in life; the pen is as honourable as the sword, and if one was never dipp'd in the ink of ill nature, ther'd be very little need of the other. You have both read my bit of nonsense there, and though its a sort of Mad Melodrame, I'll just ax you whether there's a line in it to hurt the feelings of a friend, strengthen a prejudice against the unfortunate, or call a blush into the cheek of a female.

M'Clas. I'll be domn'd if there is.

Ap T. I shall pray you not to swear.

Den. And now, Gintlemen, I'll give you my reasons for writing, in three words.

Ap T. Figuratively and metaphorically, I presume, or three words will not suffice.

Den. In the first place I have the honour to be the father of a wife and six beautiful children.

M'Clas. I've my doubts o' that, unless your daughter was married.

Den. I mane, I've the honour to be husband of six fine children, and a beautiful wife.

Ap T. Passion of hur heart—it is incomprehensipilities.

Den. When I was an Insign, I never heard the rustling of the silk upon my flag, but I thought of the ladies, and having fought my way to a large family and half pay, I must carry on the war somehow in time of pace; and now you know my motives, how d'ye like my manuscript?

M'Clas. The subject being the Siege of Troy—

Ap T. Is fitting and correspondent to the feelings of a soldier.

Den. To be sure it is.

M'Clas. Hoot mon—ye put me oot; the subject being the Siege of Troy, ye begin w' an anachronasm or blunder in limine, at the vara out set. Why, man, here's a Grecian chief in a sentry box smoking a pipe o' tobacco.

Den. (*gravely*) The stage, sir, should reflect men and manners, not only as they are, but as they ought to be; and if the Greeks had been warmed with a whif and a whiskey-bottle, the siege would have been settled in a single campaign.

Ap T. But with submissions and humilities, you have introduced a Trojan Chronicle, and a Greek Gazette, with official accounts of the pattle.

Den. And wou'd you destroy the grand stimulus to a haro's actions—doesn't he rush into battle with the inspiring idea that his father and his mother, and his friend or his wife, or the girl of his heart will rade in the Gazette how Insign O'Shocknessy, or Major Macclutterbuck distinguished himself, and extinguished the enemy?

M'Clas. Weel, weel, but your introduction of modern artillery?

Den. The artillery will go off very well if you'll let it alone.

Ap T. And there were no firemen or fire engines at the Siege of Troy?

Den. More the pity—for if ould Priam had been insured—

M'Clas. Where wad yer play ha been?

Den. In the fire, honey, instead of the city. Are the scanes all ready?

Ap T. Aye, and as peautiful as if they had been painted by Teniers.

Den. Ten years was just the time of the Siege.

M'Clas. And are the actors ready?

Ap T. All put three, and as I see no remedy, I woud propose to undertake one of their characters, if you woud assist me with the other two, look you.

Den. Oh by the powers, wou'd you play a Grecian haro with that Welch brogue?

M'Clas. A'm just thenking *I* coud gie ye a touch o' that sly auld fox Ulysses brawley weel.

Ap T. Passion of hur heart, Ulysses in broad Scotch.

Den. I think I coud play one o the Agamimnons myself.

M'Clas. Wi' that accent, Major?

Den. You'll not persave the laste taste of the brogue when I've got my dress on—it will parfitly disguise me.

Ap. T. I think I shall undertake the part of Achilles, he was as hot as a Welchman---the first scene you know, is a council of the Gods, which will give us time to dress---so we'll take one glass of success to the Siege, and then---

Enter Glib.

Glib. All ready, sir.

Dennis. Indeed, sir, then make ready, present fire!

TRIO.---*Tune, "Granawale."*

Dennis. We'll sing of a War, set on foot for a Toy,
And of Homer, and Helen, and Hector, and Troy;
Where o'er Grecians, and Trojans, and Ladies you stumble,
And of Devils and Gods make a very strange dumble.
Sing botheroo, ditheroo, och my Joy,
How nately they did one another destroy,
Then hand round the whiskey, a bumper my boy,
Here's long life and success to the Siege of Troy.

All. Then hand round the, &c.

Tune—"Of a noble race was Shenkin."

Ap T. From the land of leeks and mountains,
Since fate, so says her will is,
Oh splutter hur nails,
Hur come from Wales
To play the great Achilles.

All. Odds splutter hur nails, &c.

Tune—"The Highland Reel."

Glib. Come Greeks and Trojans, Soger Laddies,
March awa' wi' merry glee,
Sandies, Taffies, Johnnies, Paddies,
Now must ancient heroes be.

Hector, Ajax, Menelaus,
Priam and each gay old boy,
Quickly come away and play us
Homer's famous Siege of Troy;
Paris Helen,
Fall pell mell in,
Rank and Classic Scenes enjoy,
Drummers rattle,
Help the battle,
And proclaim the Siege of Troy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Superb Cloud Palace on Mount Olympus---The Gods in Council.—Grand Flourish.

Momus. (*tipsey.*) Pray let's adjourn—no more debating, pray
I beg to move the order of the day
Vulcan. Momus, you've drank till you are hardly steady,
Besides the Goddesses say tea is ready.
Mars. Then you may drink it—
Jupiter. Silence!
Celestial states, immortal Gods give ear
Hear our decree and reverence what you hear.
That fix'd decree which not all fate can move,
Which none shall alter

Juno, *entering with the other Goddesses.*

Except me, my love
Arn't you ashamed all to sit sotting there
Scarce able to support—
Momus. Support the chair!
Min. Peace, Mummer! scarcely able to look wise
When nobler *Mortals* struggle for the prize
Of love and valour—
Jup. Well my dearest Pet (*to Juno.*)
What hast thou there?

Juno. I've brought the Greek Gazette
Fresh from the office, see its ringing wet,
And full of battle—read and understand—
Momus. I'll thank you for it when its out of hand—
Jup. Let Argus read it with his hundred eyes—
Juno. He's lost his spectacles—
Jup. Come give it me;
[*reads*
Eh! "Theatre Royal Ilion"---that's not it;
"Wanted"---"Found"---"Lost"---Whereas---the deuce a bit
Do I see "Price of Stocks, Deaths, nought on Earth
But Bankrupts, Small talk, Marriages and Births,
[*snatching the paper.*
Momus. Here it is, attention---desperate fight,
"Big Sam" and---no---"Troy Town"---yes, yes, that's right,

Extract of a Letter from Lieut. General Achilles to his Excellency Sir Peter Patroclus, Master of the Ordnance.

"SIR,

I have the honour to apprise you for the information of his Majesty, Agamemnon the Generalissimo, that I last night dispatched a Corps of Velocipedes, under Brevet Major Triptolemus, supported by a detachment of Myrmidons, while Captain Gnostic of the Royal Navy was ordered to favour the diversion, the waggon train of battering rams moving in a correspondent direction---in short---the whole operation is fairly gazetted, and the Greeks have gained a complete victory."

Momus. Beg leave to propose the health of Lieut. General Achilles, he'll be made a Field Marshal at last.
[*horns heard*
Jup. By Jove and that's myself! more news!—

Enter Mercury, *blowing a horn, with another newspaper.*

Mer. Great news from Troy, its all Lombard-street to an egg-shell against the Greeks; Achilles in a sulky fit has withdrawn from the Allies, and left Hector master of the field of battle.

Momus. Beg leave to propose the health of Major-General Hector.

Min. (snatches the Trojan paper, and tears it.) Thus perish all that gives Achilles pain.

Venus. (snatches the other paper, and tears it.) That's kind of you, miss—there's your Greek Gazette,
As full of stories—but no matter. [*kneels.*] Jove,
'Tis Venus supplicates. O, royal sire!
Don't let these Grecian ruffians bear the belle.
Dearest of daddies, ever just and wise,
Down with the Greeks, and let the Trojans rise.

Thetis. [*kneels also.*] O Jupiter! don't listen to that puss;
Let Thetis for her son Achilles plead,
Even the very Greeks have used him ill,
And saucy Agamemnon ta'en away
His prisoner Briseis. Then do hear,
And grant my wish for what has Jove, I fear.
Dearest of daddies, ever just and wise,
Down with the Trojans, and let Greece arise.

Jup. How happy I'd listen to either,
And give both your heroes the sway;
But since by the ears they're together,
Why e'en let them fight for the day.
Then Thetis and Venus be quiet,
Nor kick up a dust in the sky,
For here if you dare make a riot,
The watch-house, you know, is close by.

Juno. But I say, sir—

Min. And I say—

Jup. I say too,
If with your noise I've any more to do,

I'll send for Holmes and Shergold.* What the deuce,
Are we in Pluto's den—has hell broke loose?
Mark---when to weigh the cause I take my scales,
And try whose lot shall prosper, or who fails,
Should Troy go up, or weightier Greece go down,
No baggage here shall look, or wink, or frown;
No; nor shall any dare step off to earth,
To take a part in mortal quarrels. Mark,
Mercury, read our rules; and, Ladies, hark.

Mer. (*reads.*) "If any God or Goddess goes out of bounds without leave, they——"

Momus (*in his sleep.*) Shall forfeit twopence.

Jup. Peace, brute! Go on.

Mer. "If any God or Goddess assist either contending party, or even, by way of encouragement, shall dare to say——"

Momus (*waking.*)

Here's to you, Mr. Wiggins,
And here's to you, Mr. Spriggins,
Let us push the beer about.

Jup. Silence! or else—if I but lift this hand,
I'll heave the Gods, the ocean, and the land—
I'll———

Juno. Do great things truly.

Min. Father, 'tis a shame—

Vul. Ladies, be quiet, you are both to blame.
What are the Greeks or Trojan fools to you?
Vex not old Jove, you'll catch it if you do.
Look at this shoe, which but too well declares
How he served *me* when *I* was in my airs.

AIR, VULCAN, *Tune, "Jack at Greenwich."*

We Gods one day got fresh, d'ye see,
Confusion was our notion;
Old Pluto swore he'd rule the sea,
And Neptune kept the ocean:
Apollo's lyre old Bacchus play'd,
And did it pretty middling;
While I left off my blacksmith's trade,
And caper'd to his fiddling.

* Two gentlemen, well known on the Surrey side of the Bridges.

We black-ball'd Order, sung Old Rose,
Till Jove, unseen, advancing,
Kick'd Poll, pull'd Pluto by the nose,
And, damme, spoil'd my dancing,

CHORUS.

His dancing, his dancing, his dancing, his dancing,
Kick'd Poll, pull'd Pluto by the nose,
And spoil'd poor Vulcan's dancing.

Mom. Repeat no grievances.
Vul. Why yes, 'tis wrong;
Shall we be merry, Jove—the day prolong,
In feast ambrosial, and in jovial song?
Jup. Aye, let Apollo play, while Muses round
Sing till Olympus echo with the sound.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Tune, "Country Club."

Vul. Since we're all met together,
In spite of wind and weather,
To moisten well our clay,

Momus. Before we think of jogging,
Let's of Nectar take a nogging--
Pretty Ladies, don't say nay.

Min. "Nay, for my part, Madam Venus,
If there's any strife between us,
Mars. Make a ring and fight it out

Cho.. Make a ring and fight it out.

Jup. Order, order, and sobriety!
The rules of the society,
Let the secretary read them out.

Momus. (reads.) "If any immortal refuses to——"
Bac. Psha! rules are of no use to us.
Momus. D'ye think so? Why then—

Here's to you, Mr. Spriggins, &c. &c.

Jup. That's right, a friendly song—now then advance,
And aid our chorus with as kind a dance.

AIR, MOMUS.

Tune, "Hunting the Hare."

Gods and Goddesses, why grow political?
Mortal squabbles are nothing to us.
You may Ilion your favourite city call—(*to* Venus.)
You for Greece make a rumpus and fuss—(*to* Minerva.)
She, I'll engage her,
Will lay any wager
On Troy, while on Greece t'other takes the long odds;
But if interfering
Should come to my hearing,
I'll send you to Coventry, far from the Gods.

CHORUS.

Then jocund Silenus,
And Phœbus the genus,
As partners with Venus,
And Juno advance;
Eolus flouting,
With Mirth-Momus shouting,
And wise Pallas pouting,
Shall merrily dance.

[*Dance, and Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

On one side the Grecian camp---sea and shipping at a distance in the centre---walls of Troy on the other---sentinel on duty, walking up and down---Thersites discovered smoking his pipe in the sentry box---soldiers asleep---the stage is dark---the curtain rises to the symphony of

MEDLEY DUETT, Thersites & Centinel.

Ther. With my pipe in one hand, and my firelock in t'other,

Cent. I'm come with the Grecians to Troy;

Ther. Where you've heard of young Paris, he fell in
Love with another man's wife;
Her ladyship's name it was Helen,
Like Venus she look'd to the life.
Her husband a surly curmudgeon was,
Tho' he of blood royal was born;

Cent. The thing that he most took in dudgeon, was
Her drinking his health in a horn.

Ther. With Priam, Hector, Laocoon, Æneas, and Anchises,
With Paris, who's a Dandy lad, altho' his dad so wise is.

Cent. But when the fight's begun,
And you're serving at your gun,
Should any thoughts of these come o'er your mind,
Think only should the town be won,

Ther. How they'll stick up their houses with holly,
And broach a tub
Of humming bub
For all that come to the rub a dub, dub,
So neighbours let's all be jolly.

Chorus of Greek Soldiers, who suddenly awake.

We'll stick up our houses with holly,
We'll broach a tub, &c. &c.

Ther. Sung like true Grecians—
Cent. Aye, master Thersites, and so we've sung
Before these walls, ten years---
Ther. Do hold your tongue;
Ten years! and all for what?
Cent. That's what I say,
And all for what?
Ther. I'll tell you---
Cent. Do, sir, pray.
Ther. Gentlemen, the wife of Menelaus run away from him---you know that, I suppose.
Cent. Yes, but *why*, marry, tell us that, why did she leave her home?
Ther. She left her home, because she was too fond of going to Paris; it has been so much the fashion of late, that if it isn't speedily discouraged, we shall all be left in the same way.
Cent. And who persuaded her?
Ther. Cupid, a little urchin, pert and blind,
Who plays the deuce with man and womankind.

SONG. THERSITES.

Oh, talk no more of Emp'ror Nap,
A greater king is Cupid,
Who decks the sage with Folly's cap,
And animates the stupid.
Of archery he wears the crown,
The prince of bows and arrows,
Takes aim at game, and brings them down
Like woodlarks, cocks, and sparrows.

Greeks Chorus—With his rumpti iddity, &c.

Bluff Mars and Jove Iove's pow'r defies,
Alcides learn'd to spin, Sirs,
And Cupid only quits the skies,
With mortals to begin Sirs.
When Mrs. Orpheus died, good lack,
Her spouse e'er he'd renounce her,
He went to hell to fetch her back,
But that must be a bouncer.

Greeks Chorus—With my rumpti, &c.

Miss Hero too, was hot upon't
To watch for her Leander;
When swimming o'er the Hellespont,
Love drown'd him like a gander.
And isn't Paris much to blame,
By thoughtless Helen undone,
Who soon will wrap old Troy in flame,
As sure as Nick's in London.

Greeks Chorus—With my rumpti, &c.

Flourish of Trumpets, &c. &c.

Ther. To your posts my boys; here's Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, and the Lord knows who---they want to bring down the stomach of the hot Achilles, and are going to consult on-----stand aside.

(Grand march and procession of the Greek army, with their ensigns, banners, and various symbols---each party headed by a Grecian chief---the procession closed by the Greek kings, two and two---a grand flourish, then last of all, Agamemnon as Generalissimo---he sits down on the frame of a Catapulta.)

Agam. Gentlemen, potentates, kings, and princes; I've call'd you here to ask, whether you mane to give the Trojans another touch, or whether we shall sind orders to the admiral to take us all on board, and lave sulky Achilles to carry on the war by himself?---Spake, Ulysses.

Ulys. That mons brogue will ruin aw---ye'll axcuse me, general, but gin we dinna gang on wi' a wee bit more o' union and brotherhood, ye may be ten years mair before the walls, and ten years o' that, and ye'll be no the nearer, than when yer wee bit shippy brought ye hither frae yer ain hearth side---what says auld buckie Nestor?

Nestor. Had I earlier had the honor to have caught the eye of the gallant and illustrious general, I should have briefly observed, that what I have to say, shall be explicitly divided into three specific parts, each

part into nine laconic sections, and each section into twenty-seven concise deductions.

Ther. Night caps for the generals.

Ulys.---(*Knocks* Thersites *down with his sceptre.*)---Hoot mon, tak that gin ye ken nae better manners.

Agam. By my soul, that was a knock down argument---gentlemen, I had a drame last night, which——

Ther. I'm sure if I had dreamt that two handed Highlander from Ithaca would have broke my head, I'd have seen Helen at Paris, before I'd have been caught here---who are you I wonder?

Ulys. Eh mon, dinna ye ken Ulysses?

Ther. Yes; you're one of the staff it should seem, with a plague to you.

Agam. Order! order!---(*horns sound*)---Who comes here?

Ulys. It's Menelaus, the husband o' the wench Helen.

Nestor. And how does the wise Ulysses know that before he looks?

Ther. He knows him by the horns, to be sure.

Enter Menelaus.

Men. O, mighty chiefs, great captains, ye who know
The woeful circumstance of all my woe,
Who---fire and fury---I'm too mad to tell
My grief in rhyme, while reason thus forsakes me,
Therefore---sans rhyme or reason thus it is
Letters from Doctor's Commons here inform me---
(*Reads.*)---Menelaus *versus* Paris---Damages fifteen thousand pounds, reduced by a Jury in the Sheriff's Court to as many hundreds.

Ulys. Quite as muckle as a trip to Paris is worth.

Men. Then I'll have other vengeance.

(*A trumpet heard.*)

Agam. What now?

Enter an Officer.

Officer. So please you—Hector, preceded by an escort of new-invented cavalry, approaches and asks permission by a flag of truce to see the Generalissimo.

Agam. As many as are of that opinion, say aye; on the contrary side, say no—the ayes have it—admit him, horse and all. (*Flourish.*) Och blood and nouns, what's this?

(*Music—a corps of velocipedes bearing lances and little flags, gallop smartly round the stage, form in line, salute the assembly, and then lower their lances to Hector, who enters, superbly armed, and bows to Agamemnon, &c. who all rise and salute him in the modern military style.*)

Agam. Came you from Troy?

Hector. From Paris by the way——

Thers. Of Dover?

Agam. Peace—well, what have you to say?

Hector. Hear me, true Grecian Greeks, not Greeks like those,
Who in Pall Mall, make pigeons of their foes—
No, nor such Greeks as Cam and Isis own
In gowns and trencher caps.

Agam. Let them alone,
And in two words explain.

Hector. 'Tis an affair
Of honour—Menelaus, are you there.
A word in private—if you don't think the damages sufficient, I beg you'll appoint a gentleman on your part to meet me on the part of Colonel Paris, of the Rifle corps, to name time, place, and weapons.

Menelaus. Major Ajax, of the Rocket corps, will settle the hour, arms, and spot, day-light, moon-light, or star-light, Greek fire, small sword or battering ram, Hyde-Park, Chalk-Farm, or Kensington gravel-pits.

Hector. Or—sure the Gods inspire the glorious thought,
What say you to a twenty-foot roped ring
In sight of either army; we can bring
Seconds and bottle-holders.
Menelaus. Be it so.
But don't you think him rash in meeting me.
Hector. Why, it's certainly taking the bull by the horns, but as you brought him to the King's Bench Court, he means in turn to get your nob in Chancery. (*Aloud.*) Kings, Lords, and Commons, 'tis resolved to make
A purse for a fair scratch; and I shall stake
My four to one on Paris.
Menelaus. Would he were here—
Agam. (*coming forward.*) O, no, the Magistrates might interfere—
Say Wormwood Scrubs, or Hounslow.
Hector. Let's withdraw,
And only let the fancy in the secret—with
Some few Corinthians, after we can dine
At ——— (*whispers*).
Agam. No---the Champion sells better wine,
March to my tent---we'll settle matters there:
Ulysses and ould Nestor shall repair
And once more ask Achilles to shake hands,
If *not,* inform him that his lord demands
The little Dandyzette he calls his prize:
Aye, and will have her---Gineral Hector, come
Dine at our mess, while we, by beat of drum,
Will toast ould Priam and the Trojan ladies,
And talk of pace---
Hector. Nay that will be as well
Discuss'd hereafter---at ———
Ulys. Aix-la-Chapelle.
Agam. Agreed, set forward lads, and let me see
You minstrels, what shall our finale be?

THERSITES.

Composed by BISHOP—Words by Mister D.

All the Gods and Goddesses appear on one side encouraging and discouraging the Greeks in the

PARODY AND CHORUS.

Achilles now within his ship
May sour and sulky be,
And gloom and glump with pouting lip
And sullen majesty.
The Greek fire lurks that's doom'd ye ken
Yon city to annoy—
Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,
You'll soon subdue Old Troy.
Chorus—Uprouse ye, &c.

'Till then may Priam safely sleep,
And Paris pass the hour,
While winking tapers faintly peep
From Lady Helen's bower.
The pass word from the walls we ken,
Those walls we must destroy,
Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,
And end the Siege of Troy.
Chorus—Uprouse ye, &c.

Nor wife, nor children own we now,
Left on the Grecian shore,
On yonder waves see many a prow
With myrmidons good store.
Our camp is but a gloomy den,
Yet let not that annoy,
Uprouse ye, Greeks, ye merry, merry men,
And soon we'll sack Old Troy.
Chorus—Uprouse ye, &c.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Tent of Achilles—*the Sentinels parading before it—the stage dark—gets lighter by degrees.*

Enter Chryseis *and* Briseis, *meeting.*

Chrys. Briseis! sister! I've such news.
Bris. And I
Have news for *you*, dear sister. By the bye.
How came you here, where ev'ry thing so still is?
This is the tent.
Chrys. I know it.
Bris. of Achilles,
To whom I'm pris'ner sister; and they say
That you are sent to—
Chrys. Fetch you hence away.
The chaise is waiting, child.
Bris. It may be so.
But wait or not wait, sister, I shan't go,
Chrys. That we shall see, old gentlemen! what ho!

Enter Ulisses, Nestor, Thersites, *and Greek Chorus of Guards.*

Ulis. Now damsel, whar's the mon o'war?
Bris. Within, and won't be seen—for he remembers well
The trick you play'd him, sir, when he was drest
In pretty Deidamia's silken robes,
Sent there by Thetis, his mamma, for fear,
Shou'd he be brought here to the Trojan war,
Some accident might happen.
Chrys. Sister, for shame you know
An accident did happen too, or else
Master Achilles woudn't be at school
So near the camp,
Nes. Why that was archly said,
Ulysses went most properly disguised.

Ulys. Like a north country pedlar—but my tapes
And ballads he despised, and when he saw
A gallant Highland broad-sword I had bought
Of an au'd serjeant o' the forty-second,
And a round ancient target worn lang syne
At famed Culloden or at Bannockburn,
He snatch'd them, and then put himsel on guard,
And cut and slash'd, and made such whirry wha,
That aw' the Leddies run awa for fear,
And so I brought him tul the Siege o' Troy,
'Spite o' his mither's fear, and I must see him
I'n spite o' *ye* my lassie.

Nes. Aye we must,
So tell us where to find him, Miss, and quickly.

Thersites *entering from the Tent.*

There he sits within, so sulky, that unless you give him a *gentle* serenade, you'll never get him out.

AIR AND CHORUS. (*Soldier tired*).

Air, Briseis.	*Chrysies and Greeks.*
Achilles tired	We've enquired,
Ti i red	He's inspired,
Ti i red	And he's fired
Of wars alarms,	By thy bright charms.
Forswears	Well who cures,
The clang	That's a twang,
Of Trojan arms,	'Tis in thy arms
And scorns the Grecian shield,	He idly loves to yield.
He scor——o——o——o	And sulky in
O——o——o——o——o	His tent he sits,
O——o——o——o——o	And fumes and frets,
O——o——o——o——o	By starts and fits,
O——o——o——o——o	And calls his servants
O——o——o——o——o	All to bits,
O——o——o——o——o	And frightens people
O——o——o——o——o	From their wits,
Over the Grecian shield.	And but to thee he'll yield.

Chrysies.

But—if the brazen
Trumpet sound,
So——o——o——nd
So——o——o——nd
So——o——o——nd
He'll at his post
Again be found,
And brave again
The field.
He'll——a——a——a
A——a——a——a
A——a——a——a
A——a——a——a
A——a——a——a
A——a——a——a
A——a——a——a
A——a——a——a
At his post
Once more be found,
And brave
Again the field.

Brisies and Chorus.

Ran la ran ta ran tar,
Ran la ran ta ran ta'r,
Ran ta ran ta ran ta ra ra ra.
He'll leather Hector I'll be bound,
We'll back him 'gainst the field.
We'll back him
'Gainst the field.
He'll thump and bump,
And bump and stump,
And box with knocks
As hard as rocks,
And thrust so fierce
With carte and tierce,
And thump, bump,
Lump, stump,
Box, knocks,
Blocks, rocks,
Thrust, fierce,
Carte, tierce,
And make the Trojans yield.

Enter Achilles *from the Tent, in his Morning Gown.*

Achil. Pless us, pless us, what serenades, and noises, and caterwauling is among you---is the tefil broke loose.

Nest. Worse, great Achilles, worse; but first of all you've heard the tragic issue of the fight?

Achil. What fight, hur has tone with fighting.

Ulys. Hoot mon, ha ye no heard o' the match 'twixt the guid mon Menelaus and the lad Paris?

Achil. Hur has heard nothing.

Thers. Then here's a full, true, and particular account—I bought it has I left the field. First round, shook hands, shew'd play, sparr'd and did nothing—three to one on Paris. Second round, Paris went in gaily, fetch'd him a facer, and stopp'd a return of compliment with his left hand—six to one on Paris.

Third round, Menelaus rallied, found his opponent's bread-basket, queer'd his left peeper, hit him to the ropes---bets altered, Menelaus made play. Fourth round, set Paris piping, a flimsey to a filbert on Menny. Fifth round, better and better; Paris floor'd like a mere silk jacket, Menelaus an ugly customer---Bank of England to a button, Paris not in time, and Menny champion of Greece.

Greeks. Huzza!

Achil. And what is this to me, look you?---the one is a cuckold, and the other a Dandy, and I wou'd not, as an officer and a gentleman, carry a message from either---passion of hur soul.

Ulys. Aye, but it's no the worst, as you'll hear, gin ye ha patience.

Achil. Don't tell me of patience, nothing can be worse than that peggarly knafe Agamemnon, whose coxcomb I will preak, wanting to rob me of my lawful prize taken in pattle there, my pretty Priseis, look you.

Nest. But when you hear that, Hector, who was second to Paris.

Ulys. Was afterwards challenged by yer ain dear friend, Patroclus, who was second to Menelaus, and had put on your gloves.

Nest. And that Hector finish'd him in such a style———

Thers. That stiff'ning Dick left nothing for the Coroner to do but bring in a verdict of justifiable homicide.

Achil. Passion of hur heart---ods splutter---by St. Taffy---Phinlimmon and Penmaenmaur, it shall go hard put hur will give Mr. Hector such a trubbing as shall last him another ten years---Patroclus kill'd! Well, well, we shall see—Bring my helmet, look you, and my shield, and my sword, and spear, and lance, and bow and arrow, and I don't know what myself. Come, come, comraigs, we must make haste, and hurries and come; come, take it cool, and take that, look you---

(Kicks Thersites and the sentinels, and goes into his Tent followed by the Greeks.)

Ther. Well, I'm sure you'd better keep your knocks for Hector; he knows how to give you change for 'em.

Bri. And what am I to do?

Chry. You're to go with me, sister.

Bri. And who's to take care of us?

Ther. Why, bless you're pretty little hearts, I will (*takes one under each arm.*) your papa is a clerical gentleman, I believe,

Bri. Yes, Priest of Apollo, and,---

Chry. Lives at the great temple over the water.

Bri. Keeps the sacred bow and arrows.

Thir. Aye, fine sport in the shooting season, and a rare living, I warrant a pretty rectory for the jolly old incumbent, parish of Apollo, cum Phœbus, cum Smintheus, cum Solis, &c. &c. and only poor Peter Pegasus, the curate, to do all the business. We'll be off by the steam-boat—it's now about his dinner time, and as I prefer the beginning of a feast to any part of a fray, I'll have the honour of seeing you to the old gentleman's eating parlour.

Bri. And who knows but Achilles may call in the evening.

Chry. And if Agamemnon should pop under his arm,

Ther. You'll make a snug party quarre at the whist table, while the Doctor and I try a hit at backgammon by a good fire and a bowl of rack punch, worth all Troy town put together.

Chry. But my pappa speaks such beautiful pure Greek you won't be able to understand him.

Ther. Speaks Greek, so do I.

Bri. Let's hear you.

Ther. (sings, accompanied.)

Ning, Chew, nong poning, ning nong hay,
Ning, Chew, nong poning, ning nong hay,
Ching chick a ching, chick a ching, chit quaw
Ching chick a ching, chick a ching, chit quaw

Ladies. He woudn't understand a word you say
With your chink a chink, chick a chink ching, chit quaw.

All three. Chick a chink, chink a chick, &c. &c.

Ther. There's one thing I hope you'll understand.

Chry. And what's that?

Ther. I'm in love with both of you---to desperation, dam'me.

TRIO.---*Air*---"*Atwood.*"

Ther. Only mind, be but kind,
You shall find, I'm inclined
To adore you, as long as I exist.

Bri. What a lad

Chry. Sure he's mad.

Ther. E'ent you glad
That you've had
Such a very merry Lover in your list,

Bri. O dear no.

Ther. May be so,
Yet I know

Chry. You may go
Far enough, ere by either you'd be missed.

Bri. So pr'ythee nay, walk away,
Else you may rue the day.

Ther. Well, I'm off pretty maid, if you insist.

Chry. Tisn't you—he's meaning me.

Bri. That, madam, we shall see,
Is't my sister, sir, or me you chuse?

Ther. Why your sister's very well,
Yet if I the truth must tell.
I can neither sweet girl refuse.
How can I
Make reply,
When each eye
Looks so sly?

Both. Then our company pray excuse.

Ther. Nay never mind,
Be but kind,
You shall find
I'm inclined.

Ladies. Nay never mind,
Be but kind,
We shall find
He's inclined.

All. By and bye one or other lass to chuse. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Helen's Boudoir in the City of Troy, furnished with all the luxuriance of Classic elegance, &c. &c.

Enter Helen *and* Nurse.

Helen. Now, my dear Nurse, is Paris coming?

Nurse. Don't---dear me, lady Helen, you have so many strange vagaries, I'm ashamed of them---go to, I say.

Helen. Go to, indeed! why you're worse than the Nurse in Romeo and Juliet; she *could* be coax'd into a good humour---but thou art the most impenetrable cur that ever kept with men.

Nurse. I *kept* with *men!* I scorn your words, lady; when did'st thou ever know me leave my husband in a hackney coach, and run away with a Dandy, who had changed domino's with him.

Helen. Aye, there thou touch'd me nearly---how did I know they had changed domino's, and what could I do, dear Nurse?

Nurse. You made a pretty week's work of it, that's certain.

Helen. I think I did, if you go to that.

AIR, HELEN.---(*Tune, "Lady's Diary".*)

Lectur'd by husband Monday night,
Tuesday I found him still more jealous;
Resolv'd on Wednesday to act right,
And never listen to the fellows.
Thursday we went to the review,
Beheld a youth, whose note Nurse carries;
And thus 'twas all along wi' you,
I first fell in love with Captain Paris.

Friday, poor Hubby in a rage
Talk'd loud of love, respect, and duty;
The Captain next, from Cupid's page,
Stole each kind word to praise my beauty.
Went to Vauxhall and stopp'd till day,
O'er his rack punch my husband tarries;
And Saturday noon I run away,
Deceiv'd by his address, with Captain Paris.

Nurse. Fie on't!---what an example to give me!

Helen. Yes; and if the captain had not given you a fifty pound Bank of England note into the bargain, I shouldn't have had the honour of your company. But see, my Paris comes, and looks as if——

Nurse. As if he had got a thrashing---oh! may such purple tears be ever shed by single men, who steal their neighbour's wives. [*Exit.*

Helen. Well said, madam Joseph! moral to the last; but I'll observe my hero---see, he bleeds---ah---no---'tis but his nose, thank fortune.

(*Retires as* Paris *enters, musing, with a black eye.*)

Paris. I was planet struck, certainly---to be beat by a fellow of no mark, no skill---I shan't be able to shew my face at Cribb's, nor at Almack's, nor the Fives' Court, or any other fashionable assembly---and what the devil will Helen say?

Helen. He's agitated---I'll try to sooth him with some consoling and appropriate strain. (*sings loudly.*)

"None but the brave deserve the fair."

Paris. Ha! said'st thou Helen?

Helen. No, I only sung---Oh Paris, Paris! wherefore art thou Paris?

Paris. I would I had been *Lyons* for thy sake---at least in the battle.

Helen. Can it be that thou wert kick'd, my love?

Paris. Nay, name it not, for kicking is a custom more honour'd in the *breech,* than the observance.

Helen. I'll not believe 't---the fellow must have fibb'd.

Paris. He *did,* most damnably, and floor'd me too;
Oh, had'st thou seen this head in chancery—
This---but---no more o' that, no more o' that.

Helen. Indeed, I think you've had enough; my love.

Paris. But see, my brother Hector comes to chide;
Oh, for a swift Velocipede, on which
I might escape his anger---Dear, dear Nell,
Would it were bed time, love, and all were well.

Hector *enters, and starts back at the approach of* Paris.

Hector. Advance quite out of sight, let Helen hide thee;
Thy bones are useless, and thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no skill for parrying in those eyes,
Thy foe has blacken'd.
Helen. O, for pity's sake!
Hector. What man dare, thou should'st;
And if this lady's deeply injured duck
Approach'd thee like the rugged ruffian Bill,
The arm'd Mendoza, or the late Dutch Sam,
Or Ward, or the tight Irish boy, thy nerves
Shou'd not have shaken---be alive again,
And dare him to the Fives' Court with thy skill;
If, trembling, you decline it---I protest thee
The baby of a girl---hence, shadow, hence;
Mockery of manhood, hence.---(*Exit* Paris.)---So, being gone,
I know what I've to do.---(*aside.*)
Helen. You're monstrous critical, and too severe;
I wonder who the dickens sent you here,
To huff and browbeat people's husband's thus?
Hector. Call him not husband; has he not prophan'd
The awful name?---The villain!---to make love
To one engag'd---Oh! Helen, only hear---
Hear, and reward a real lovers' suit,
And one who dares all may become a man.--(*kneels.*)

Andromache *Enters, with* Astyanax.

And Who dares do more, is none.
(*touching his shoulder.*)
Hector. My wife---so, so.
And. So, so; indeed it is so, so, methinks;
Yes, I may sit and sew, sew, sew, all day,
When thou can'st leave thy boy Astyanax,
Thy little boy, and me, thy lawful, married, real wife,
For such a madam.
Hector. Keep the peace, I charge thee;
Here come our father Priam, Hecuba,
And mad Cassandra.

Helen. Something of consequence---if it's material, sir,
I can look in again.
And. You come not here again.---(*flourish.*)
Hector. O, silence, see---

Enter Priam, Hecuba, *and* Cassandra.

Why does my father weep?
Priam. The postman, he
Who thrice a day brings letters, and at night
Rings the last bell, my son, hath brought thee this.
Hecuba. Disastrous tidings---O! unpleasing news, Cassandra.
Hector. Yet, methinks he might
Have paid the postage; mother, be not sad,
I wouldn't have the matter get abroad;
'Tis but a mortal challenge from Achilles,
Because I mill'd his favourite Patroclus.
And. (*apart to* Astyanax.) A challenge! run to Bow-street, dearest boy,
Sweetest Astyanax make haste.
Asty. And when
I am in Bow-street, what am I to do?
And. An officer you'll bring, my love, or two,
To bind your father over to the peace.
Asty. It must be a strong piece to hold him then;
I go---and it is done---and Lavender,
Or daddy Townsend will I quickly bring,
To end a gentle mother's fears---good bye. [*Exit.*
Hector. (*coming forward with the others.*) I will not be persuaded---I will fight.
Cass. Then mark the end on't.
Helen. Which end, Cassandra?
Cass. Peace, thou truant wife; avoid me---you---
(*brings* Hector *forward.*)
You, who like the rest despise
Cassandra's warnings, who, with success puff'd up,
Think ne'er to fall. To-day, if thou unarm thee not, shalt be
Dragg'd at the heels of fierce Achilles' tandem,
Thrice round our walls.
Hector. I'll fight him ne'ertheless.

Hecuba. Remember Cæsar, when his empress dream'd,
And warn'd him e'er the Ides of March were o'er.
Hector. Mother, thou'rt mad. Of Cæsar talk no more;
He did not live till after Troy was burnt, therefore
Cæsar's not born yet. Sister, pray be cool.
Cas. I'm sure I read it when I went to school.
Well, then, I dream'd myself.
Hector. Then dream no more.
Must we stand dreaming here all night? Set on.
Priam. Thy father asks thee.
Hecuba. And thy mother too.
And. Thy wife entreats thee.
Cas. See thy sister Sue. } *All kneel.*
Hec. I have no sister Sue. I will not hear.
To me my country only doth appear
As father, mother, wife, and sister too;
Therefore, whatever you may say or do,
I say——

Re-enter Astyanax.

Asty. (*in a loud voice.*) The Bow-street officers—aha! aha!
Townsend was absent at the Bag of Nails,
But they've sent Lavender.
Priam. (*sniffling.*) *Scent* Lavender, that's good.
Lavender (*entering.*) That's me.
Asty. Yes, they've sent Lavender.
Vickery (*entering.*) And Vick*eree*.
Hector. Vickery's famed for scent too; he kills bears
In street of Tavistock.
Vick. Vickery declares
Thou dost mistake him, sir, and you must go
Not to the street of Tavistock, but Bow.
Hector. (*apart to both, leading them solemnly forward.*) Not if I tip?
Lav. (*apart to him.*) The rash attempt forbear.
A Bow-street officer is but a man;
Yet man has feelings, tho' a rough outside
Denote my calling. Would'st thou rank me with

Qui-tam attornies, money-traps, and duffers?
No, by my honour, which is yet my own.
Vick. And by my honour, too, which yet is mine.
Lav. Not fifty flimsies—
Vick. No, nor fifty-five—
Lav. Shall tempt me to allow one man alive
To own he bought the faith I basely sold;
Not even if the Bank would pay in gold.
My honour's dear.
Hector. Too dear. Look out—see there!
Ha? ha! ha! ha!
(*While they look one way, he runs off the other.*
Lav. Deceived! damnation! (*following.*)
Vick. (*stopping him.*) Brother, let's start fair.
[*Exit. with* Lavender.
Priam. Come, courage, Hecuba; they may succeed.
Hecuba. Suppose we help? I'll try, I will indeed.
Priam. That's bravely said, my Trojan. Stop him there!
Stop thief!—and nay, as Vick said, let's start fair.
[*Flourish---they march off.*
Helen (to Cassandra.) Sister-in-law, I take it most unkind,
That you shou'd mention my elopement.
Cass. You!
D'ye think I lack the gift of second sight
So much, as not to know your fortune? No,
Too well I see it. 'Tis our land's disgrace
Run-away wives shou'd meet encouragement.
Allow'd divorce, you marry your misleaders.
Shame on the custom! And then what ensues?
Abated fondness, peevish jealousy,
Ill-temper'd looks, and bitter recollections;
Till the soft tinted waxen mask ye wear
Of fancied love and transports insincere,
Melted by passion's fire, shews face and mind
In their true colours: then disgust and hate
Strike daggers, well deserv'd, to either heart,
And prove that e'en repentance comes too late.
(Helen *bursts into tears.*)

Enter Paris, *armed with bow and quiver.*

Paris. In tears, my Helen! Has thy mad-brain'd zeal dared to——

Cass. Away! I know thee too—thou—what shall I call thee? Thou art lower than what my mind prophetic tells me, a nation yet unborn will call a *Dandy*. Your ancestors were strong, could carry arms, but—*(sings)*

" You're a frog in an opera hat,
" Heigho! says Rowley."

Paris. Rowley be d—d!

Cas. Go, get thee to a madhouse—go, for all thy tribe are lunatics. Ye strut and stare, and would alarm the modest, were ye less insignificant. Away! I know ye—to a madhouse go; for, as a future Bard will truly say, ye amble, ye lisp, ye nickname heaven's creatures, and are no more like men than I to Hercules. Go! I've heard of your patchings, your paintings, your copper heels and stays. For shame! to a madhouse—go, go, go!

Paris. A flourish, trumpets---strike alarum, drums!

Cass. Drums! Rattles! Dandy-horses! Go, go, go! [*Exit.*

Paris. Nay, heed her not; I shall redeem my reputation: yet Achilles is only vulnerable in the heel, and if he, as she says, don't wear copper boots, the first time he turns his back——

Helen. (*aside.*) And have I left my husband for a man who waits till his enemy has turn'd his back?

Paris. What said you, love? Her words don't point at you.

Helen. I wou'dn't mind 'em, but they are too true.

DUET.

Paris. Pretty Helen,
When I fell in
Love with you, was I to blame?

Helen. Mister Paris,
When one marries,
Shou'd one own a second flame?

Paris. Dearest Helen,
You look well in
Every thing I've seen you wear;
By your beauty——

Helen. 'Tis my duty
Never more to hear you swear.

Paris. If married fellows
Will be jealous,
And a lady's charms despise.

Helen. Wives should never,
How-sum-dever,
List to fools, if they be wise.

Paris. Tho' it grieve me
Much to leave thee,
One kind kiss before we part.

Helen. Not another
To my brother
Would I give.

Paris. You break my heart.

Both together. Yet if we part,
'Twill break my heart.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An open place near the City—alarms.

Enter Thersites.

Ther. There they are, all at it, Trojans and Grecians, pell-mell—and I to be such a fool as to mix in the fight. Hector and Achilles are battling, ding dong. They do say, that some of the gentlefolks from above are taking part on both sides; Mars helps Hector, and Minerva Achilles. For my part, if I engage with a celestial, I'd rather have a bout with Venus, than the best among 'em; and she's in the field too. Odsboddikins! they're coming!

* This Duett is occasionally omitted.

Hector *enters fighting with two Greeks whom he beats off.*

Hector. Come forth Achilles, come thou hot brain'd Greek,
Hector is hoarse with daring thee to arms,

Enter Diomede.

Dio. What says my brother?
Hector. A horse! a horse! my birthright for a horse.
Dio. Below yon wheelwrights shed,
Stands a true dandy, swifter than the wind.
Hector. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
A horse! a horse! my birthright for a horse.
(*Enter* Paris *on a Velocipede with a party.*)
Paris. Here's half a dozen---on'em, charge!---follow! [*Exit.*
Hector. Draw, Paris, draw your arrows to the head,
Spur your proud courser hard, and ride in blood,
Hang out our banners on the outward wall,
Ring the alarm bell, blow wind, come rain,
At least we'll die with harness on our backs. [*Exit.*

Alarms—enter Achilles *fighting with two Trojans whom he beats off.*

Achi. I think there be ten Hectors in the field,
Nine have I killed to day, instead of him;
If he be slain and with no stroke of mine,
My friend Patroclus ghost will haunt me still,
Who's there?

Thersites (*entering.*)

Ther. 'Tis I, my lord, the early village cock.
Achi. Liar and slave!---Where's Hector, sirrah?
Ther. There.
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking your worship in the throat of death. [*Exit.*

Achil. Cut short all intermission—front to front
Bring but this scurvy Trojan and myself;
Within my sword's length set him---if he 'scape me—
We'll muster men—my counsel is my shield—
We must be brief when Hector braves the field.
[*Exit.*

Battle continues, Mars and Venus mingle in the fight, Venus is wounded and Mars put to flight.

Re-enter Hector *on the other side.*

Hector. Give me another horse---bind up my wounds!
What wounds? I have none yet---and see, behold
Achilles here! Turn, tyrant, turn---

Re-enter Achilles.

Of one or both of us the time is come.
(*they stand in attitude.*
Achil. With all my heart.
Thy gallant bearing, Hector, I cou'd 'plaud,
But you kill'd poor Patroclus, and must die.
Hector. Nor shou'd thy fame, Achilles, want my praise,
But you've no business here, and out you go.
Achil. This for my friend.
Hector. This for thy wooden horse.
(*they fight and pause.*
Achil. Thou losest labour.
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests.
My mother dipp'd me in the River Styx—
I bear a charm'd life,
And not a Trojan born can harm Achilles.
Hector. Despise thy charm,
Thy foolish mother held thee by the heel,
Which, when thou run'st away, as soon thou wilt---
Achil. No---I will not yield,
Tho' fifty Hectors came from fifty Troys,

Still would I try the last, lay on my Buck—

Hector. And d---d be he who fears a Grecian's luck. [*Exeunt fighting.*]

(Venus, Mars, Diomede, &c. *fight, and off.)*

Re-enter Achilles.

Achil. Hector's past hectoring, he is no more;
Go drag him at my warlike chariot wheels,
While I thus thank the fortune of the war.---(*kneels.*)

Paris *enters, and shoots an arrow in his heel.*

Paris. There is a spur my old invulnerable.

Achil. Ah, traitor!---(*they fight off.*)---Rascal! rapscallion!

SCENE IV.

An open place---on one side a statue of Minerva---*in the centre, an immense Horse*---Diomede, Æneas, *and other warriors march round, as if reconnoitering---they are surprised at the Horse, and make a sudden halt*---Paris *enters to them.*

Æneas. Paris, thou hast made amends by this day's fight, for many of thy faults---our foes have disappeared.

Paris. Their infantry may, but they seem to have left their horse behind.

Æneas. What can it mean---it bodes some treachery.

Enter Thersites.

Ther. No treachery in life, gentlemen, I give you my honour.

Æneas. And who art thou?

Ther. A gentleman, and a Knight of the Shire in my own country, simple as I stand here, but because I refused that bully Achilles my vote and interest at the last election of a parish beadle, he has persuaded the Greeks to leave me behind.

Paris. Like a spy---to be hang'd.

Ther. No, upon the honour of a myrmidon---that horse they left is a sort of talisman---could they keep possession of it, they'd take your city, but, if you take the horse, why you'll get more than you think of, and the plot they have form'd will come to light.

Æneas. What say you, warriors?

CHORUS.

"To horse! to horse! my merry companions all,
And lift him clean within the City wall."

Hurried music---Enter Laocoon *with a spear---his two Sons with him.*

Laoc. O, wretched countrymen, what fury reigns,
What, more than madness has destroyed your brains;
Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone;
And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
Some evil is design'd by fraud or force,
Take not their leavings, nor admit the horse;
On, if some hollow treachery be here,
Then may it perish on my pointed spear.

(*Music---he throws his spear, which sticks in the side of the Horse---a groan is heard, thunder and lightning---two immense serpents rise from behind the Statue of* Minerva, *attack and encounter* Laocoon---*his sons run to his assistance, are also encircled, and form the celebrated terrific group---*Thersites *runs away---the Trojans kneel to* Minerva---*the group of* Laocoon *sinks in flames, and closes.*)

SCENE V.

Within the Town.

Enter Thersites, *singing.*

Ther. I sing the cave of Polypheme,
Ulysses made him cry out;
For he eat his mutton, drank his wine,
And then he poked his eye out.

All's right---Minerva has work'd wonders, and now, to go and let out from their wooden charger, my knights of the Equestrian Order; it was lucky for me mine was an outpost---some one of the inmates got a tickler from the spear of that tough Trojan, who, in return for the exploit, has been sent on a serpentine walk to old Pluto.---Dear, dear---how posterity will delight to tell this story.

AIR, THERSITES---*Tune, "Drops of Brandy."*

The Grecians came running to Troy,
The Trojans came running to meet 'em;
'Twill be known to each little school-boy,
How we Greeks shall horse-jockey and beat 'em.
No house will for heat be endur'd,
We'll make 'em too hot for the holders;
And Æneas, unless he's insur'd,
May be off with his dad on his shoulders.
Rumti iddity, &c. &c. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Dark night; the Horse as within the town. Staccato music. Thersites *enters with a ladder and a lanthorn, lets the warriors out, and they march silently off.*

SCENE VII.

A Trojan street; still dark. March continued. Thersites *leads on, and musters his men; each carries a torch;* Thersites *lights them one by one; they separate, and go off different ways. As* Thersites *is following,* Diomede *and* Æneas *enter and sieze him.*

Men. Villain! confess thy treachery.
Ther. I said so—those treacherous Greeks!
Diom. Say, or thou diest. *(drums beat to arms*

Enter Paris.

Paris. Waste not your time with him—to arms! to arms!
After the battle let the recreant die.
Men. Why after be it then. Brethren, away!
My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray!
[*Exit. all but* Thersites.
Ther. And mine's as eager, too, to run away.
I'm very much obliged to you, gentlemen. But where's the moral of all this? I betray the town, and get off safe, and——
(Voices without.) Where is that traitor, Thersites? throw him in the flames!
Ther. Throw me in the flames! No; burn me, if you shall *(drums and shouts.)* There's a party coming this way. Oh dear! oh dear! By what means shall I escape the double fright of fire and sword? It can only be by——

Enter Cassandra, *with a silken rope.*

Cas. A halter, gratis—nothing less, for heaven's sake!
Ther. I hope you're not a prophetess?
Cas. A mad one—no one listens to my words—all

have come true, and nothing now remains for thee and me, but this *(shewing the rope)*—Here, here—take it.

Ther. Oh dear! I would not deprive you of it for the world.

Cas. Nay, then, thou shalt (*seizes him*)—yes, thou shalt in this hour be my bridegroom.

Ther. And a pretty true lover's knot you've got for me; but pr'ythee, why wouldst hang thyself?

Cassandra. Because Homer says I must; and hark ye, sirrah, if every one like you, who betrays a whole people, or like me who have all my life been advising fools and scorned for it; or like the treacherous serpent who beguiles the innocent virgin, and then leaves her to want and wretchedness, the monster who undermines a wife's first duty and her husband's peace; in short, if all such rogues and fools, for all fools are rogues, were but to meet with this, what a glorious thing it would be for the land we live in. If thou likest not my offer, go———(*shouts*).

Ther. No—that would be out " of the frying pan into the fire."

DUETT—*Tune, " Since Laws were made."*

Cass. Since Greece has conquer'd my Daddy and me,
And you were the cause of the fire *mon ami*,
You richly deserve a suspension, d'ye see,
Upon Tyburn Tree.

Ther. But some how or other I never could bear
A tight twisted cravat or stock to wear,
Which would be the death of me quickly, I swear,
Upon Tyburn Tree.

Cass. Not a syllable more will I tarry to hear,
You're mine and I'm your's, it's no use looking queer,
So come with good grace to our wedding, my dear,
Upon Tyburn Tree.

Ther. Good folks then take warning by me I desire,
And never set nobody's dwelling on fire,
Lest you get exalted above your desire,
Upon Tyburn Tree.

SCENE VIII.

A magnificent and spacious view in the city,---it is seen on fire at the back, and as the combatants come forward, the flame seems to pursue them. A general battle takes place, the Velocipides are hotly engaged. Æneas *kills many Greeks; his wife* Creusa, *his father* Anchises, *and his little son* Ascanius, *are overpowered by a Greek band, and about to be sacrificed, when* Æneas *rescues them, throws his father across his shoulder, and his wife leading the child, he gallantly defends all three till off the stage. A great shout of victory is heard, when it thunders, and* Jupiter *and all the Gods enter.*

Jupiter. Enough of fire and sword—your wrath restraining,
Too much of this may prove too entertaining.
Troy I've destroyed to please that angry elf,
(pointing to Pallas).
And I'll restore it now to please myself.
Quick Phœnix! Norwich! Sun! and Hand-in-Hand,
Bring forth your engines—Patrons understand,
That if our follies are not past endurance,
We hope you'll kindly pardon our *Assurance.*

Waves his thunderbolt----Firemen enter with engines, which change to pedestals, with Genii of each Fire-office on them---the whole burning city to a beautiful allegorical palace of safety and the Arts by Insurance---a Ballet Hornpipe of Firemen, and a procession of all the Warriors, &c. keeps moving during the

FINALE.

Gib. Masters, all attend
The moral of our play,
Morley. Never let a friend
His neighbour's wife betray;
Leonard. Or Doctors' Commons ding dong,
May your life annoy,
Set ev'ry pleasant thing wrong,
Like the Siege of Troy.
Doctors' Commons, &c.

Ther. If some Macaroni
Near your garden wall,
Leave a wooden poney,
Don't take him in at all.
Cap. For while he's in the stable,
His master may destroy
The comforts of your table,
Like the Siege of Troy.
For while, &c.

Helen. Having done our duty,
We can only pray,
Bris. Health, and wealth, and beauty,
With you all may stay.
Chris. And with merry ding dong,
May each girl and boy
Helen. Come and hear our sing song
Of the Siege of Troy.

CHORUS.

And with merry ding dong, &c.

FINIS.

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